and Mr. Beerbohm Tree were in tike cast, and it was a great success. For the first time Henry saw me act—a whole part and from the ” front" at least, for he had seen and liked scraps of my Juliet from the " side."

Although, he had known me such a long time, my EUaline seemed to come quite as a surprise. " I wish I could tell you of the dream of beauty that you realised/' he wrote after the performance. He bought the play for me, and I continued to do It £C on and off" here and in. America until 1902.

Many people said that I was good but the play was bad. This was hard on Alfred Calrnour. He had created the opportunity for me, and few plays with the beauty of " The Amber Heart " have come rny way since. " He thinks it's all his doing 1" said Henry. " If he only knew!" " Well, that's the way of authors," I answered. " They imagine so much more about their work than we put into it, that although we may seem to the outsider to be creating, to the author we are, at our best, only doing our duty by him."

Our next production was "Macbeth." Meanwhile we had visited America three times. It is now my intention to give some account of my tours in America, of my friends there, and of some of the impressions that the vast, wonder-ful country made on ine"*- ' . ’*